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## The Mercury.

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## Local Matters.

### BLOCK ISLAND STEAMBOATS

As was predicted in the Mercury some weeks ago, following the death of Vincent A. Gethro, the operation of the steamer New Shoreham will devolve upon the Town of New Shoreham once more, provided that no outside party can be found to take over the line. That there will

now be no steamboat service to and from Block Island during the coming summer goes without saying, and as the town has had much experience in the steamboat business they are doubtless ready to take it over again if necessity demands.

The late Frank Gethro, who dropped dead on the steamer New Shoreham early last summer, would have made good money in the steamer line if his life had been spared. He had already invested a large amount in repairs to the New Shoreham, in improvements at Block Island, and in the purchase of the steamer Juliette. Had he lived he would have had good returns on his investment. Following his death, his brother, Vincent A. Gethro, took up the active management for Frank Gethro's widow, but with his sudden death in Providence last month it seemed as if hard luck was following the family and Mrs. Gethro felt that she could not continue the work alone. Consequently the steamer Juliette, which has been on the Block Island run during the winter months, has been taken off for the present at least. Senator Ray G. Lewis and other prominent citizens of Block Island are straining every effort to solve the transportation problem, and now have several matters under consideration which may lead to a satisfactory settlement. But whatever decision is reached, it is probable that the Gethro interests will no longer have a part in the management of the line.

### GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The House has passed the annual appropriation bill, which has been under assault by the Democrats for several days and the bill is now in the hands of the Senate finance committee. It will probably be reported promptly. Aside from this, the sessions of both houses have generally been brief. The Senate Committee on special legislation gave a public hearing on Thursday afternoon on the bill to repeal the Tiverton Police Commission act. A number of citizens appeared to urge the repeal and there were no speakers in favor of retaining the commission. The committee now has the matter under consideration.

A number of New Englanders have had an opportunity to do some guessing this week, with the object of their efforts. A local milk plant has submitted samples of plain and pasteurized milk for consumers to sample and endeavor to tell by the taste whether it has been pasteurized or not. Some claim to be able to tell infallibly, and many consumers have complained that the milk that has been treated is not nearly as good as the straight milk. The tests this week have been made from bottles that were merely marked by number.

The Lafayette Players, who have been giving "stock" productions at the Lafayette Theatre for several months, have disbanded and most of them have left the city. Although their work was of a high order, lack of support among the people of New England made it a losing venture and the enterprise has been abandoned for the present at least.

Word has been received of the death in Chicago on Thursday of Colburn Crandall, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Crandall, formerly of this city, and grandson of Mr. Charles Crandall.

### SUPERIOR COURT

At the session of the Superior Court on Monday, the case of Denis J. Shea vs. Roy H. Bentle was begun before a jury, but it did not last long. On motion of William A. Peckham, the case was taken from the jury because of a statement volunteered by a witness which it was deemed improper for the jury to hear. The case was the result of an automobile accident at the corner of Thames street and Long wharf.

Mario Girela Moltozo vs. Alexander Nicol was begun on Tuesday before a jury. This was an action for breach of contract regarding the sale of property on Fenner avenue. It being alleged that defendant was unable to give clear title on account of right of dower held by his wife who secured a divorce some time ago. The case occupied some time and on Wednesday the jury by direction of the court, brought in a nominal verdict of \$1.00.

The case of Gladys Holt vs. Nicholas Slaton was an action for damages as the result of an automobile accident on West Broadway, plaintiff claiming that the car of the defendant dashed out of a side street and crashed into the car driven by her husband, she being thrown through the windshield and badly hurt. A number of witnesses were heard for plaintiff, and after the evidence was in, a motion for non-suit was granted on the ground that the defendant had the right of way under a new State law. An exception was noted and an appeal will doubtless be taken. It is possible that this may be the first test case of the new law.

### THE COURT OF INQUIRY

The principal witness before the naval court of inquiry this week has been John R. Rathom, editor of the Providence Journal, who was made a complainant against his will and over the protest of counsel. Although Mr. Rathom's complaints had been directed to Congress and not to the Navy Department his status was made the same as that of the New York ministers who sent letters of protest to Secretary Daniels. Mr. Rathom has a large amount of evidence which will be presented.

The court reconvened on Thursday after a recess of several days, when several new witnesses appeared. Among them were George Farnell, stenographer, who identified a transcript of the testimony before the Federal court in Providence; Joseph C. Cawley, who was special district attorney and had charge of the prosecution of the Kent and Brown cases; and Mr. Rathom, editor of the Providence Journal. No new facts of a startling nature have been developed. Chief Machinists Mate Irving Arnold, one of the interested parties, has also been present in court, and Mr. Cawley, after giving his testimony, was allowed to appear as counsel for Hudson and Arnold. Mr. Rathom is represented by Claude R. Branch, formerly assistant attorney general of the State of Rhode Island.

There is as yet no indication of reaching the conclusion of the investigation, and it will probably drag along for a long time yet.

### MIANTONOMI CLUB

The following officers of the Miantonomi Club have been selected by the board of Governors:

Vice President—Arthur B. Comerford.

Secretary—William J. Cozzens.

Treasurer—Harry H. Hayden.

House Committee—G. H. Bryant, Charles E. Morrison, J. Alton Barker, Charles Tisdall, H. H. Hayden.

Auditing Committee—Dr. E. B. Robinson, George W. Bacheller, Jr.

Entertainment Committee—J. H. Scannevin, chairman.

The former Lawton residence at Broadway and Rhode Island avenue, which has been used as a home for naval nurses since the outbreak of the war, will be turned over to its owner on April 1st, as at that time the number of nurses will be sufficiently reduced so that the permanent home on Kay street will accommodate them. The property was purchased some time ago by Dr. and Mrs. William A. Sherman, who will make their home there as soon as renovations and improvements can be completed.

Miss Ann Elizabeth Caswell, for a number of years principal of the Cranston School, died at her home on Vernon avenue on Thursday after a long illness. About a year ago she was compelled to give up her school duties because of failing health, and had been seriously ill for a long time. She was born in Middletown on January 27, 1867, but had been connected with the Newport schools for many years. She is survived by two brothers, William C. and Arthur Caswell.

### SNOW MELTS SOME

The snow and ice have disappeared rapidly during the past week, although it will be a long time even with mild weather before the streets are entirely clear. The thaw this week has caused comparatively little inconvenience, but late last week, the walking was something terrible, especially on Friday when the sidewalks ran in regular rivers. This was followed by a brief blizzard on Saturday which proved to be one of the most disagreeable days of the winter and for several days following the temperatures can vary low. By the middle of the week a mild spell arrived which softened up the snow and ice and caused moderate streams of water to flow through the streets, but not enough to cause any damage or even serious inconvenience.

In many sections of the city the highway department has found it impossible to make even a beginning on clearing the gutters, which are generally packed high with snow and ice, consequently the water cannot be diverted from the sidewalks, and as it freezes about every night the walking is still far from enjoyable. However, a few warm days with no more snow will make a very pronounced change in conditions and we may look forward to spring with renewed anticipation. The crosses are already poking their heads through the snow in exposed places and it will not be long before they are in full bloom.

### BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, another attempt to break the deadlock over the stone crusher failed, and the argument became somewhat acrimonious. Still another attempt will be made to reach an agreement, the conference committee this time consisting of Mayor Mahoney and Alderman Hughes.

The status of the Liberty tree was brought up and the matter was referred to the City Solicitor for an opinion.

The city wants to move the tree on to Ellery Park, but the title lies in the Newport Historical Society as trustees.

A resolution was adopted urging the passage of the Daylight Saving Bill by the Legislature, and a committee was appointed to confer with other cities and towns in regard to the matter, Alderman Hughes.

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The committee created some time ago to look into the dangerous condition of the sidewalk at the Post-office corner reported that they had failed to come to an agreement with the Government and recommended that the street commissioner correct the error in grade as far as the city title would permit. Considerable routine business was transacted.

### SCHOOL BUILDING SITES

The board of aldermen has made offers to the owners of land on Central street, needed for the new High School extension, naming the prices which the city is willing to pay, and giving the owners until next Thursday afternoon to accept or reject them. If the prices are rejected, condemnation proceedings will probably be resorted to in order to gain possession. There is not a great deal of difference between the figures offered by the board and the amounts asked by the owners, an agreement having been already reached with some of the owners.

An agreement has been reached with the owners of the land at Vernon avenue and Broadway where the new grammar school will be opened, so that no condemnation proceedings will be necessary. The joint committee will probably be ready to announce progress within a short time.

### ENG'S BUILDING TO BE RENOVATED

Work will soon be begun by the new owners on the complete renovation of the old Eng's building on Thames street. The lower floor will be divided into two smaller ones, and there will be an entrance to the upper floors from the Thames street front instead of by the wharf as at present. The law offices of Burdick & MacLeod on the second floor will be made as convenient and attractive as any in Newport, with private offices for both members of the firm on the west overlooking the harbor.

The offices at present are about as they were when they were occupied by the late Francis B. Peckham, and the growth of the law practice and the advent of other attorneys into the offices have made changes absolutely necessary.

The boys from St. George's School start on their spring vacation today.

### JACOB A. JACOBS

Mr. Jacob A. Jacobs, a leading business man of Newport and one of the most prominent members of the Jewish community in this city, died at the Newport Hospital late last week after a long illness. He had been under treatment in a New York hospital for several months last fall, and upon his return to Newport was soon stricken with another illness which required surgical treatment at the Newport Hospital. He remained there for several weeks, but his condition was regarded as critical and he failed steadily.

Mr. Jacobs came to Newport from New York in 1904, and engaged in the clothing business on Thames street under the name of "The Enterprise," and his two sons were later associated with him. He was a member of the representative council and took a deep interest in municipal affairs. He was a member of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., and of Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M.

He is survived by a widow, two sons, Messrs. Sidney Jacobs and Murray Jacobs, and one daughter, Mrs. Samuel Marine, who now resides in Rochester, N. Y.

The funeral services were held at his late residence on Kay street on Sunday afternoon, Rev. David Brodsky officiating. The Masonic burial service was conducted by Worshipful Master Arthur J. Ober and the officers of St. Paul's Lodge.

### FRANKLIN JAMES

Mr. Franklin James, one of Newport's older citizens, died at the Newport Hospital on Wednesday after a short illness. He was eighty-two years of age. During the Civil War he served in the United States Navy and later became a member of Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R. He was well known in the Point section of the city, where he had passed his entire life. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Charles T. Dennis, two sons, Messrs. Franklin P. and Edward James, and two brothers, Messrs. Arnold and Thomas James.

### SHIPWRECKED CREW LANDED

The captain and crew of the abandoned steamer Guilford were brought into Newport early Monday morning by the destroyer Gale and were soon shipped on to Boston by train where they will be paid off. The Guilford was found to be in a dangerous condition and calls for aid were sent out on Sunday, the crew being taken off by the transport Pocahontas and later transferred to the destroyer which was sent out from Newport.

The steamer, which was one of the United States Shipping Board's vessels, was bound for Boston with a cargo of coal, and when off Nantucket Shoals lightship the water was found to be coming in faster than the pumps could eject it. There seemed to be no one leak, but as the seams had opened up and she was in a dangerous condition the officers and crew were glad to see aid coming. The transfers were made in rough seas without the slightest mishap. The men lost all their possessions, there being no opportunity to take anything with them. The engine room crew had been driven from below some time before the crew were rescued and the vessel was helpless.

DeBLOIS COUNCIL, R. & S. M.

The fiftieth annual assembly of DeBlos Council, No. 5, Royal and Select Masters, was held in the Masonic Temple on Tuesday evening, when Most Illustrious Grand Master Howard K. DeWolf presided over the election and installed the officers, assisted by Donald E. Spears as Grand Captain of the Guard, Thomas W. Wood as Grand Secretary and Alexander J. Maciver as Grand Chaplain.

The retiring Thrice Illustrious Master, James Livesey, was presented with a handsome Past Master's Jewel by T. J. M. William H. Evans in behalf of the Council. The new officers of the Council are as follows:

Thrice Illustrious Master—William H. Evans.

Deputy Master—Joseph R. Slinn.

Principal Conductor of the Work—Benjamin F. Downing, D. S.

Treasurer—J. Irving Shepley.

Recorder—Thomas W. Wood.

Chaplain—Donald E. Spears.

Captain of the Guard—Jethro H. Peckham.

Conductor of the Council—Fred W. Johnstone.

Steward—Alvah H. Sarborn.

Sentinel—Edward E. Taylor.

More amusements are planned for

Atlan's Beach, which is just across

the creek from Easton's Beach, in the

town of Middletown. The amusement

privilege has been taken over by an

out-of-town concern and a ferris

wheel and other attractions will

be installed before the opening of the

summer season.

### SCHOOL COMMITTEE

At the monthly meeting of the School Committee on Monday evening, there were several matters of importance up for discussion and considerable business was transacted. The monthly report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

Enrollment, 4233; average number belonging, 3764; average daily attendance, 3278; per cent of attendance, 87; cases of tardiness, 348; cases of dismissal before the end of a session, 61.

Absence—216 sessions by 37 teachers; 117 sessions by 11 assistants.

Tardiness—43 times by 4 assistants.

Rogers—Enrolled, 769, average number belonging, 657. This average number is larger than the total enrollment of last June, 648. The sudden growth is due to the mid-year promotion of the advanced IX—of the John Clarke.

The total enrollment (4233) is 61 larger than the total of all last year (4182).

# The MAN NOBODY KNEW BY HOLWORTHY HALL.



COURTESY OF AUTHOR

CONTINUED

Shortly after dinner Angela, who had fled to the telephone in answer to a peremptory summons, came back complacent.

"Dinner at the Durants on Sunday," she announced. "All three of us. Very quiet, Carol said. So I accepted—and that means you've got to stay with us two days more anyway, Mr. Hilliard. Do you mind very much?"

"Mind!" Hilliard had risen half out of his chair. His tremendous yearning to see Carol again, and his violent reaction at the prospect, had greatly influenced his voice, which was strident, explosive. The Cullens were laughing aloud at his confusion.

"He's blushing!" crowed Angela. "Look at him! Look at him!"

Indeed, he was crimson in the temples. Sunday—forty-eight hours! How he had spurned her—and how he had suffered from that moment until now! To see her again . . . merely to see her! Business was business, and the farce must go on; no matter what else happened, he must have out his success; he had ceased to love her, and he had come prepared for guerrilla warfare . . . but to see her again! To hear her voice! To watch that smile of hers, and remember the tears she had shed for Dicky Morgan!

Sunday—forty-eight hours! The Cullens were still laughing at him, and in Angela's soprano there was a note of feminine resentment, but Hilliard's ears were suddenly stung deaf.

## CHAPTER VII.

Since Friday night, Hilliard had lived only for Sunday; his whole existence had been turned to Sunday, and when at last the morning dawned, his greatest fear was that he might not live until dinner-time.

On reaching Carol's side, he was both awkward and incoherent; and he failed to derive encouragement from the realization which gradually stole over him, that the Durants had asked a number of other guests to dinner. Armstrong was waiting patiently in the aisle, and keeping closer to Carol than Hilliard liked, and there was also a bright-faced boy of nineteen or twenty who had promptly attached himself to Angela—his name was Waring, and he was the grandson of the patriarchal clergymen, with the head of Moses and the spirit of youth, who presently came down to join the little group, and complete it. So that altogether there were nine people who finally sat down to table; and Hilliard's dream of quiet progress and barbed conversation was shattered in a twinkling.

It was all very homelike, and all very friendly, but to Hilliard, sitting there between Carol and her mother, the occasion was peculiarly acute. He had long since discarded any residue of his active fears; he was confident in his disguise to the point of recklessness, for he had covered the windings of the trail by an infinite variety of methods; and yet without having any tangible facts to grasp, he was subtly warned to remain on sentry duty over his poise.

He was gratified that the conversation, after one natural enough eddy, was whirled away from the vicissitudes of Dicky Morgan, for he had talked his fill on that particular subject. For a time, he amused himself by watching Angela and Waring play their world-old game across the table; after that, he paid a little polite attention to Mrs. Durant, and to the clergymen; and then snatching an opportunity overlooked for, he gave his kindest smile to Carol, and for an instant took the monopoly from Armstrong. And he had hardly looked down once into her October-brown eyes before the mystery of his restlessness was as clear as crystal, and Hilliard was thoroughly dumfounded, and confused.

It had come upon him, a quarter of an hour ago, as they exchanged their first superficial sentences, that he was lonelier than he had ever imagined, but he hadn't realized, until this immediate contingency, that this sensation had carried over until now. He was prevented, by the very limits of the project which had brought him here, from releasing any of his sincere thoughts; he hadn't comprehended, until he had learned the truth just now by actual experience, that loneliness is nothing but an aggravated state of self-repression. Never in all his life, not even when he had lain for months in hospital in France, had he been as lonely as today, and at this moment, when he was surrounded by people he knew intimately, and when he was excluded from sharing in their communion of mind.

Carol, looking up at him with what wasn't exactly a smile, but was at least a cousin to it—that well-remembered flush of sympathetic interest—Carol spoke to him under cover of the general conversation.

"A penny for your thoughts?" she professed.

"They aren't worth it," said Hilliard. "I was thinking about myself." He continued to regard her steadily, and he was stunned to discover that he was losing one of the abilities which had made it a source of happiness before them. Angela was murmuring in low tones to the "boy" behind her. Waring was very . . . let me see . . .

urfulness which was developing out of last week's shock, he was secretly perturbed. In spite of himself, he began to see, as though by camera obscura, dim visions of the past; he was righteously annoyed that they should rise to torment him, and still the visions came.

"But after all that you've been through," she said, "I should think your thoughts about yourself would be extremely interesting!"

"I'm afraid they're rather gloomy, Miss Durant, whenever they touch on what I've been through. And when anything like this gathering here today builds up a comparison . . . I'm sorry, but I can't always master it."

"You mean the difference between a family over here and a family over there?"

"Exactly," he said. "Down to the last detail—what we eat, and where we live, and what we talk about, and what we think about—everything."

"I've thought of that, too," she said soberly. "What I'll have to confess is that it wasn't until you came—it wasn't until after that last night at Angela's—that the great difference came home to me. It's made me feel that it's almost wrong—almost unbearable—that we should be so warm and comfortable, and well-fed, when over on the continent . . . well, I wonder whether we won't have to pay for this some time?"

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Durant rose; and Hilliard, with keen foresight, quickly guided Carol after her mother into the living room, made for a familiar piece of furniture and pre-empted it; it would seat two people, and no more—there wasn't the slightest use in Armstrong's loitering disconsolately in the neighborhood; it had a maximum capacity of two. Furthermore, it was removed by several feet from the nearest listening post.

He was so close to her that their sleeves touched; he looked into the beautiful eyes which were so clear, so unsuspecting; and his will swayed nervously. Had he prepared so long and savagely for his repulse, only to lose his impetus at almost the first glance of those brown eyes? He reflected that there was nothing to prevent him from being a good salesman, and from renewing his predilection for Carol at the same time. The idea of courting her again, in his false character, was highly dramatic. . . .

"I know you won't misunderstand me," he said, his heart shaking, "and I hope that you won't consider it as too presumptuous—but the other day

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"No, I couldn't do that! It's awful kind of you, but—"

"You talk to him, Angela!" laughed Mr. Cullen. "You make him stay. You've got more influence over him than I have, anyhow. And don't you dare to let him get away without a promise—understand?" He passed on, and left them together.

"You walk along with me, sir!" said Angela, imperiously. "And you'd better behave yourself—I'm fierce!"

At the same moment that he looked yearningly toward Carol, who up ahead by the doorway was already captive to the wily Armstrong, young Rufus Waring was glaring belligerently toward Hilliard.

The masquerader smiled in defeat, then smiled with sudden realization of the woman-child clinging to him. He squeezed her arm out of sheer affection.

"Your gallant cavalier'll cover me with horrid warts and bruses for this!" he said warningly. "Don't make him jealous, now!" They were now bringing up the rear of the procession in the hallway.

"I'll make 'em well again," said Angela. "I am a good nurse, aren't I?"

He was convinced by her air of confidence.

"By the old-fashioned method?" He could hardly believe that this was the girl he had taught to climb trees and make slingshots.

"Hill—" She stopped and blushed.

The others were all on the stop; these two were in the dusky vestibule. Waring was fidgeting impatiently outside.

"Would you?" asked Hilliard. He intended only to tease her; but all at once her head came up, and he could see that her eyes were big and so—and frightened. She was hardly seventeen, and to Hilliard she had never seemed to be the child of two years ago. He bent and kissed her; her lips were trembling, expressive.

"Now we've got to hurry," he said. "Come, dear!"

It was the tone he would naturally use to a child, but he had an uneasy feeling that he had need it to a woman. Children's lips aren't expressive.

And he had another intuition—still more upsetting to him—which was that he had been observed. For on the threshold of the outer door Carol and Armstrong and Rufus Waring, as though turned back to inquire into the cause of Hilliard's and Angela's delay, were standing.

He could not tell, of course, whether they had actually seen him. It was possible that in the dusk of the hallway he had escaped; certainly there was nothing in the manner of any one of the three, when Hilliard joined them, to convince him one way or the other. But he knew that he was in a critical situation; he knew that to any reasonable person who had met him at that spurious little hubbub of sentiment, his motives wouldn't appear to be very opaque.

No, the manner of these three who

"If your majesties will wake up half a second," she said, "everybody's going to walk up around the Sedgwick farm tract to get some fresh air. Coming?"

As they stood together, drenched with regret for the confidences that might forever remain unsaid, a maid appeared in the doorway.

"Please, ma'am," she said breathlessly, "it's the Western Union—for Mr. Hilliard."

"Right to my study," called the doctor, hurrying. "Just across the hall. There you are!" and ushered him into the sanctum and considerably closed the door.

Despite the urgent summons which the average person feels under such circumstances Hilliard was astonishingly tardy in sitting down to the receiver. For one thing he was still vibrating from his recent stress of passion; for another he knew pretty certainly what the message was going to be, and for a third, he was somewhat emotionally under the spell of the doctor's room. Hilliard had spent a hundred hours in it—pleasant hours, so that involuntarily yielding to its kindly atmosphere, and off that the atmosphere implied, he took time to survey all four walls before he took up the receiver. And after he had listened to the telegram, and ordered a copy mailed to him in care of Mr. Cullen, he took time to survey those walls again, more closely; and this was partly for their intrinsic significance, and partly because his feelings were so fresh and tender that he decided to return at once to the gathering which, as a whole, couldn't be expected to do for them. His eyes fell upon the doctor's desk, wandered and suddenly focused hard and piercingly. He went over to the desk and slowly put out his hand and lifted up a small photograph in a metal frame.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Hilliard, just above a whisper. The turning of the doorknob roused him; he wheeled with the photograph still in his hand. "Hello!" said Doctor Durant, cheerfully. "Get your message all right? What's that you've found? Oh, yes—Dicky's picture."

Hilliard swallowed hard, and found that his voice was queerly out of control.

"It's—it's the same one!"

"Yes—it's the same as the one you brought back. I've had it there ever since he gave it to me."

He took it gently from Hilliard's hand; replaced it on the desk. "How that boy would have made good if he had lived!" said the doctor, in an undertone. "Well—they're waiting for us."

Hilliard, following him outside, encountered the two Cullens in the hall, and at sight of his florid host, he collected his wits, and resumed his part in the play.

"Oh!" he said. "I—I—that was from one—that was a telegram from the manager of the syndicate, Mr. Cullen; he said it's decided not to try to re-syndicate any stock, but to hold it ourselves for the long pull—everything's put off for three or four weeks anyway. I'm having a copy mailed to the house—there's some news in it I thought you might like to see."

"Good! That leaves you free, doesn't it? You'll stay on with us then? Don't say no. I insist on it!"

"No, I couldn't do that! It's awful kind of you, but—"

"You talk to him, Angela!" laughed Mr. Cullen. "You make him stay. You've got more influence over him than I have, anyhow. And don't you dare to let him get away without a promise—understand?" He passed on, and left them together.

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"Then I'll stay in Syracuse," he said abruptly. "Provided—provided you won't be offended if I do have to want to know you for yourself—just a little selfishly. I'm afraid that isn't very clear—it's difficult to separate it—but you see—"

"Don't try to explain," she said, suddenly. "I know how hard adults must be for you—and I think perhaps you need my friendship as much as I need yours."

Before he could reply, there was a sharp, indignant exclamation from Carol, who had come to the rescue of the two Cullens.

"They aren't worth it," said Hilliard. "I was thinking about myself."

He continued to regard her steadily, and he was stunned to discover that he was losing one of the abilities which had made it a source of happiness before them. Waring was murmuring in low tones to the "boy" behind her.

Carol, looking up at him with what wasn't exactly a smile, but was at least a cousin to it—that well-remembered flush of sympathetic interest—Carol spoke to him under cover of the general conversation.

"A penny for your thoughts?" she professed.

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# Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence  
WHICH DAY—8:00, 12:00, 8:30 A.M., then each hour to 8:00 P.M.  
SUNDAY—8:00 A.M., then each hour to 8:00 P.M.

## THE MAN NOBODY KNEW

*Continued from Page 2*

much, anyway?"  
His eyes went out to her—stayed—dropped. He stepped backward, out of the danger zone.

"Then I'll take it," he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

He had given him a chance, an unfulfilled condition which he could never meet. Who had given him a chance—and what in the name of heaven could he do with it?

### CHAPTER IX.

From the muddled drowsiness of the Trust and Deposit company, where he had bought a New York draft for fifteen hundred dollars, and another one for ten and seven, Hilliard emerged presently to South Warren street, and stood there on the sidewalk for a moment, numbly by the head, galvanizing consciousness of success.

He had come back resolved to win, in his second trial, the position he had failed to approximate in his first; he had set himself a commercial standard, and, gauged by it, he was advancing rapidly, for today's trio of subscriptions, added to Mr. Cullen's check of yesterday (and Mr. Cullen had acted as though he had gained a personal victory in persuading Hilliard to accept it), made up a glittering total, a stupendous total; and already Hilliard's earned confidence formed a sum to glout about. Dressed as a salesman, he had sold to four important business men the commodity hardest in all the world to sell. Scorned for his behavior, he had made his sales on the basis of a character which hadn't been questioned since the day of his arrival. His mind and his muscles demanded action; to relieve the pressure of his spirits, he set off vigorously, swinging exultant.

On impulse, he crossed the street for the purpose of patronizing a florist's, where, ignoring the conventional measure of the even dozen, he ordered a prodigal armful of American beauties for Carol Durant. This done, and feeling very rich and independent, he rounded the righthand corner, and got himself greeted by two citizens of standing and importance who, in halting him, displayed deference not ordinarily granted to the average resident of Hilliard's age. Would Hilliard condescend to speak at the next meeting and dinner of the Chamber of Commerce 'on France in wartime? Hilliard would. And this indication of his new-won status fired him afresh.

Logically enough, his swirling thoughts followed a well-worn trail which led him straight to Carol; and for the thousandth time he tried to set a future date, depending on the outcome of his mission here, at which he could confess, and ask forgiveness for his mummery, and simultaneously ask credit for his regeneration.

At this juncture, he was aware that some one had arrested him. It was Angel's youthful suitor.

"Oh—hello, Waring!" said Hilliard cheerfully. "How's crime?"

The student of law flushed at the hasty salutation, which appealed to him as a reflection upon the majesty of the bar. Also, his sense of humor was temporarily atrophied.

"We don't handle criminal cases," he responded shortly. "Say, when can you and I have a conference together, Mr. Hilliard?"

"Why, the sooner the quicker," laughed Hilliard. "What's it about?"

Waring coughed. "Business."

The time to talk about business is all the time—isn't it?"

Waring hesitated and finally stepped into the shelter of a doorway, drawing Hilliard with him.

"I don't suppose it'll seem like a very important thing to you," he said, rather awkwardly, "but it's important enough to me, Mr. Hilliard, to be worth taking time over—to be perfectly frank with you, I've got five hundred dollars I want to put in some high-class, gilt-edged speculation. Mr. Cullen gave me some pointers, and now I'm interested in your copper mine. Only—and this is where the hitch comes in—I've sort of got into the swing of the law, you know, and that makes men—well, what you might call judgmental. You get so you want to look at everything from all four sides. And I thought maybe because of the—the attending circumstances—you'd be kind enough to explain the whole thing to me. Would you?"

Hilliard, who didn't know whether to be touched or amused, compromised by nodding gravely.

"There's one thing I'll have to tell you, though," he said; "I don't advise any one to gamble in copper mines, or anything else. Waring, unless that person could actually afford to lose his whole investment, and not be hurt. And in this particular case, since I happen to control the situation, I won't permit it. Does that hit you, or doesn't it?"

The young man's mouth opened in amazement. He had been prizing himself to be a clever investigator, and to pick gawking daws in Hilliard's underwriting, and here his thunder was

blown before he had had a chance to stake the height of his cleverness.

"Why—it isn't a gamble, is it? I understand—Mr. Cullen said—"

"It's going to figure in as a gamble, Waring. It's easy to figure all these things that way. Of course, we think it's a wonderful prospect, and a princi-

pal commission yet?"

"No; I thought you'd rather do the bookkeeping in your own office and send me a check."

Hilliard's approval was manifest.

"You show me the drafts and I'll write you a check this minute. Let's go sit down in the grill, and have something. This is the work, now I want to tell you!"

"I rather thought so myself." Hilliard had led the way to the grill and commanded a side-table. "In fact—" He lowered his voice. "In fact, as things have worked out, Mr. Harmon, I almost wish I hadn't tried to play it just this way. I mean—"

But Harmon had already grasped the point.

"Oho! Is that so? You must have made a hit. And all your old friends you were so hot up about—weren't they as peevish as you are you thought?"

"No." Hilliard grew warm. "I'd give a good deal," he said soberly, "if I hadn't tangled myself up in all that imitation history. Well, I'm in for it now. I've published so much that I didn't need to—I'm wondering how in thunder I can ever get out of it when the time comes. That was the idea, you remember—ends of the. What's bothering me is that there's nobody to tend the furnace."

"But I thought you were so anxious to keep in the shade?"

"Yes, but I didn't need to crawl in a hole, and pull it in after me! Well, we'll wait and see. After I've gone a little further—and of course, you know I've hardly scratched the surface yet—"

"I know you haven't." The big man tucked his gloves into his breast pocket and brought out a silver cigarette case. "Have one?"

"Thank you. And you might take those drafts now; three of 'em. Right? Good. Well—any developments?"

"What?" Harmon tapped his cigarette case in the palm of his left hand. "Oh, you mean the mine?"

Hilliard nodded. "Yes. Have you gone any further with the shaft yet? Two or three of the more cautious men are holding back until something happens with that."

"Shaft?" Harmon was puzzled. "What shaft?" He placidly stowed away the drafts. "I'm not staking any new shafts at this stage of the game."

It was Hilliard's turn to be puzzled.

"Why, I mean the old shaft on Silverbow No. 1. Have you gone any further with it? I've told these people we were just starting. That's right, isn't it?"

Hilliard laughed noisily.

"Oh, that shaft! Don't you think it's a little early to begin on that? Say, about ninety thousand dollars too early!"

As Hilliard sat gazing at him in profound bewilderment a waiter slid up alongside him and coughed for his attention.

"Gentlemen wants to speak to you outside, Mr. Hilliard. In the lobby. Says it's important."

"Oh!" Hilliard drew the back of his hand across his forehead. "Tell him I'll come right out. Will you excuse me a moment, Mr. Harmon?"

"Sure! Go ahead." The promoter sat back comfortably and gave him a wave of dismissal. Hilliard, his pupils narrowing, went out to the doorway. A pace or two distant one of the vice presidents of the Trust and Deposit company—a friend of Cullen's and a very good man to know—was loitering restlessly.

"Hello, Hilliard," he said, wrinkling his forehead. "How are you? Look here, it's none of my business, of course, but I couldn't help wondering how much you know about that chap you're sitting with. Don't be offended; it's a friendly question. Simply my interest in you as one of our clients."

"Why, I know a good deal about him."

The banker continued solemnly: "You probably know a lot more about him than I do, then, but just the same, I wanted to make sure. That's all." He turned, but Hilliard stopped him.

"Well, what do you know about him?"

"Before I answer that—is he a friend of yours?" The question was too blunt to be diplomatic, and too suggestive to be disregarded.

"Not exactly; he's a rather good acquaintance, though. In a business way only—what he is socially I don't know, and I don't think I much care."

"So you don't need any advice about his business connections?"

"Why, I think not." He was settled by the banker's manner.

"The only thing about it," said the vice president, settling in his turn by Hilliard's brevity, "is that if you'd said you didn't know him very well, I'd have offered you some suggestions. I'd have expected you to thank me—I really would. Under the circumstances, I can't very well go any further than this. Sorry I interrupted you."

"No, but wait a minute! I—" The vice president's refusal was firm and definite.

"I can't say another word. Not another one. If you know him, that's sufficient." And he strode away across the lobby, leaving Hilliard dumbfounded.

To be continued

How Sun Radiates Energy.

The amount of energy that our own little planet earth receives from the sun is one and a half horsepower per square yard, or 230,000,000,000 horsepower for the whole earth. The amount of the solar energy that is interpreted by the earth must be infinitesimal compared to the total amount pointed forth from the surface of the sun. It has been estimated, to fact, that all the planets together receive less than one one hundred million (0.0000000001) of the total radiant energy of the sun in the form of light and heat, the remainder passing on to the stars beyond at the rate of 176,000 miles per second.

Hilliard laughed exultantly.

"Yes, there more—a total of sixty-two. I mailed you a draft yesterday morning; the others are in my pocket now. I've just come from the bank."

"Great work, son!" Mr. Harmon breathed rapturously. "That puts us pretty nearly where we belong. Sixty-two thousand! It's a running start for the big race! You certainly didn't get left at the post, Hilliard! Deducted

your commission yet?"

"Why—it isn't a gamble, is it? I understand—Mr. Cullen said—"

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Hilliard put his hand on Hilliard's shoulder; it was an accolade.

"Really? How much?"

"Thirty." For the life of him Hilliard couldn't resist a slight forward thrust of his chest.

Mr. Harmon's eyes glazed for an instant.

"Good—good! That's clever work, son! Clever and quick. But I know you'd do it. Thirty! That's fine! Anybody else?"

Hilliard laughed exultantly.

"Yes, there more—a total of sixty-two. I mailed you a draft yesterday morning; the others are in my pocket now. I've just come from the bank."

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Established by Franklin L. STUBB

# The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.  
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Wire Telephone 131  
House Telephone 1610

Saturday, March 13, 1920

Rear Admiral Sims is making some very serious charges against the navy department in the late war and what is more, he appears to have the documents to prove them. He says the action of Daniels, or, rather, his non-action, cost the nation 500,000 lives and fifteen billions of dollars, and prolonged the war a year.

West Virginia ratified the Woman Suffrage amendment to the Constitution of the United States on Wednesday, making the 34th state. Only two more are required and there are eight states yet to take action. Delaware and Washington will meet to take action on the 22d and it seems reasonably certain that that action will be favorable to the women's cause. The case may be considered settled and the women of the country may get ready to make themselves full-fledged voters. It has been a good fight on the part of the advocates of female suffrage.

## WHEN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS GOOD

The prominence which Mr. Herbert Hoover is getting as a possible Democratic nominee for President, is very interesting. Mr. Hoover is not a Democrat. He denies having any distinct party affiliation. Intimate friends say that he is a Progressive Republican.

The Democrats have a way of nominating men of independent ideas and exceptionally high character, when they see no chance of electing one of the regular type of Democratic politicians. They are skillful in making capital out of Republican differences, and in such exigencies have frequently posed for standards that the mass of the party did not recognize, and would never support.

In this way it has frequently nominated men for whom the average Democrat would not feel much sympathy. It would pose as the party of moral and political reform and superior virtue, engaged in a crusade for loftier standards.

All the small fry politicians would cloak themselves in this new government of unaccustomed righteousness, and lay the usual subterranean pipes for their own personal gains. The real situation was that the party was willing to let an Independent or non-politician take the chances, pay the bills, and bear the brunt of a nearly hopeless election.

That kind of thing does not happen when the Democrats have good election prospects. Only a man with a straight party record is considered then, and he has to be some one acceptable to the machines and rings.

The possibility of Mr. Hoover's nomination, then, does not mean that the party leaders have any more independent convictions, or wish to reform party machinery, or establish a new era of business government. It is simply that in the low state of Democratic prospects they see no hope of electing a straight Democratic politician.

## THE PROFIT OF GOOD ROADS

The area of profitable farming is limited by the extent of good roads. Many localities having very rich and fertile soils, have never been farmed successfully. Their remote situation interposed a nearly impassable barrier.

It used to be said that the radius of profitable farming was not more than 10 or 12 miles from the railroad. If produce had to be carried more than that over the road, ordinary farming would not be profitable.

The improvement of the roads, and the growing use of automobiles and motor trucks, make it possible to farm at much greater distances from railroad shipping points. The road is even more a factor than the motor, because horse transportation is still a big factor, and many perishable products are spoiled by being jolted over a rough road.

Thus good roads enlarge enormously the productive power of the country, and make a tremendous addition to the food supply. They make it possible to farm intensively over an enormous extent of territory which formerly could only be cultivated in a rough and hasty way.

When good roads penetrate into the back country, great tracts of poorly farmed land will be turned into truck gardens for raising vegetables. If the market is not handy for these products, they can be canned in local workshops, and dairy products can also be raised and put up for shipment.

Good roads enable the farmer to take advantage quickly of fluctuations in the market. When he hears by telephone that the wholesalers are asking high prices, he can quickly get his products to market and get the benefit. The farmer on a bad road would not be compensated for the time it would take to transport the small load he could carry.

Facilitating transportation tends to hold down exactions by middlemen, and benefits the consumer by stabilizing prices.

## CHILDREN'S GARDENS

Children working on home gardens in connection with school work, produced last year \$48,000,000 worth of vegetables. That was a splendid showing. Few people would have considered it possible before the war. During those two years of fighting, the community learned that there are great assets of power unused in this country. The enthusiasm and energy of children are one of those assets.

In the majority of towns and cities, there was no very comprehensively movement for children's gardens. In some places no such effort was made. In many others, school authorities simply invited the children to raise vegetables, and made no particular attempt to enlist those who did not respond.

A determined effort to get companies of children enlisted in every school district for garden raising, ought to multiply the total named above several times. In large cities, of course, many children have no access to productive soils. Still city back yards often yield astonishing results.

When you persuade children to run a garden of your own, you accomplish several fine results. You make a very substantial addition to the food supply. You divert the kid element from mischief. You give them healthful outdoor occupation. You give them a sense of responsibility and respect for property. You get them in the habit of industry and attending to regular tasks.

These results mean much in character development. Children's gardens should be considered one of the most important features of their school work.

## THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

The project for a continuous road from New York to San Francisco, called the Lincoln Highway, is making progress. Out of that distance of 3223 miles, 2538 miles have now been improved, and 377 miles completed with permanent work.

Many people say that these projects for main lines of highway accomplish nothing for general road improvement. But they do accomplish this, that they create a widespread sentiment for good roads.

Every man who drives over this Lincoln highway or any other similar line of travel, will go to his home town an enthusiastic boomer for good roads. The public sentiment thus created will soon refuse to tolerate the waste and inefficiency caused by poor roads.

Reports from England, France and Germany show that "labor has rolled up its sleeves" and gone to work. Twelve hours a day is the usual time. The result in these nations are rapidly recovering and things are booming. It will not be long before this nation will again be flooded with goods "made in Germany" or elsewhere in Europe.

The peace treaty still hangs fire in the Senate. The Democrats are anxious to let go, knowing that they are handling a hot iron that is very likely to burn, but the President is more obstinate than the proverbial mule and holds his followers with an iron grip.

Gen. Wood has won the delegates from New Hampshire by a large majority. A determined effort will be made to send Wood delegates from Massachusetts. It is quite likely when the time comes that all New England will be found lined up for the General.

## THE RIGHT SORT

Chairman Hays of the Republican National Committee says: "I have repeatedly stated my belief that the duty of the chairman of the National Committee is to elect the candidate and not select him. I shall square my performance with my promise. There shall be no word nor act of mine which will directly or indirectly influence in any way the result of any contest in any state for delegates to the Republican National Convention nor the choice of the delegates in the Convention. It makes no difference what may be said by any person for any reason at any time in any place in the country indicating any other wish of mine. It simply is not true. I am sure that anyone who would suggest another course will on reflection approve my irrevocable position in this regard."

## HE NEEDS IT WORSE NOW

"He needs God knows, our help," said Bainbridge Colby when speaking of Woodrow Wilson in 1918. And to think the President had to wait nearly two years for that help!

Congressman Clark Burdick has been spending a few days in New-

## MASCULINE CONTEMPT

Smeal Richard asked his sister to roll his sleeve up for him and as she didn't do it neatly he remarked, "Gee, and you expect to be a wife yet!"

## Medicine From Stag Horns

Stags are bred in China for their horns, the horns being cut white soft each year and used in the manufacture of a tincture.

## COOKIES, PLEASE

In Death Valley, California, the summer temperature is 110° F., and artificial shade soars to 115° F. degrees, with 1 per cent of humidity.

## BLOCK-ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

### "On-Top" Again

A 70-mile gale, with the mercury hovering close to the 12 degree mark, failed most dismally to check the rabid ambitions of sixty-four of New Shoreham's 100% bomb proof, dyed in the wool whist fans last Saturday night at the fourteenth market whist and dance of the local Athletic Association. From every angle the party was a most successful one. Not a dull moment was in evidence from the first bell to cut the capo until the Glee Club entertainers rendered the good night waltz at five minutes past twelve. During the social hours seven new members were added to the Club's roster.

Charlie Smith had charge of the culinary department and with Caterer Heinz and Mrs. Earl Lockwood as assistants the delicacies were handed out in toothsome style—chocolate eclairs, hot rolls, assorted cakes and Barrington Hall coffee (piping hot), helped the fanatic terpsichoreans to forget the young hurricane which held full sway of the out-of-door kingdom.

The awards for the evening's whist session were as follows: Honorable Shufeld, 31 points, bag of flour; Millard Mitchell, 30 points, 5 lbs. bacon; Lyceum Negus, 20 points, 5 lbs. corned beef; Miss Blattie Hayes, 28 points, mahogany serving tray; Miss Mervin Allen, 27 points, 2 lbs. Russell's chocolates; Ruell Mitchell, 26 points, Haviland china cake plate; Mrs. Earl Lockwood, 25 points, 1 ham; Shirley Smith, 26 points, 5 lbs. pork chops; Consolations, Miss Frances Hayes, Harry Rose.

Mrs. Louise Mitchell and her Glee Club entertainers contributed the musical numbers for the two hours of dancing.

### Social Night Changed

The weekly socials of Mohigan Council, No. 16, O. U. A. M., have been changed from Wednesday to Thursday nights for the balance of the season. This move is a popular one and is appreciated by a host of young people who heretofore have been unable to attend these functions, members of two lodges and one welfare association being detained by business sessions on Wednesday nights.

### STORK ALIGHTS ON THE ISLAND

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Mitchell report that a stork visited their home last Wednesday night about 10 o'clock and presented them with a 6½ pound baby girl, Margaret Louise.

### EASTERN STARS PLAN SERIES OF SOCIALS

Now that the town is slowly emerging from the snow blockade which has held full sway for the past two months, Misses Chapter, No. 11, Order of the Eastern Star, has decided to hold a series of activity socials on the first and third Wednesday evenings following the regular business sessions each month. On the 17th of this month a progressive whist and dance will be given, special music having been arranged for. Other amusements will be provided for those who do not care to indulge in the above program. The committee, Mrs. Eunice Dodge, Mrs. Leslie Dodge and Mrs. Earle Lockwood, announce that special prizes will be awarded and refreshments served during the evening.

### SERVES NEW DISH

Phil Mott has introduced a new dish to the Sandy Point Coast Guard crew. It is called Tanga Tripe. It is understood that this new delicacy cost Phil a 6 days' penalty in the brig. So intent was he upon the broiling process that he neglected to punch the time clock. Lieut. Sands says that this tripe diet has nothing on his hard tack pies.

### LIBERTY NIGHT

Last Monday night was "Liberty Night" at Mohigan Hall, the occasion being the fifth whist and dance under the auspices of Martha Washington Council, No. 20, Sons and Daughters of Liberty. The social was remarkably well patronized, thirty-eight pupils of the New Harbor dancing class attending, their weekly session having been cancelled.

Those receiving the awards for highest scores were as follows: 1st ladies' prize, Miss Beatrice Thomas; 2d, Mrs. Nettie Day; 3d, 1st gents' prize, R. J. MacDonald; 2d, Fred Hall; 3d, Consolations, Mrs. Leslie Dodge, Harry Rose. After the whist dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

### ATHLETIC FIELD LEASED

The Block Island Athletic Association has signed a three year lease for Athletic Field, located near the Centre, on the Ray Sands estate. This field will be used jointly by the Association and Uncle Sam's jackies, whose interests are being carefully looked after locally by Sec. Ackerman of the R. C. Naval Club.

Arrangements are being completed to put the base ball diamond into first class condition this coming spring, as well as lay out a tennis court and a running track.

The many supporters of the Association, including a number of the

### WEEKLY ALUMNAE MARCH, 1920

#### STANDARD TIME

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT SUN/MON DUS WATER FIRE

13 Sat 6 11 5 5 1 3 24 1 42 2 12  
14 Sun 5 10 5 5 1 2 15 2 45 3 17  
15 Mon 5 10 5 5 1 3 1 31 1 12  
16 Tues 5 10 5 5 1 3 21 4 31 4 50  
17 Wed 5 10 5 5 1 3 21 5 32 5 41  
18 Thu 5 10 5 5 1 3 21 5 32 5 41  
19 Fri 5 10 5 5 1 3 21 5 32 5 41  
20 Sat 5 10 5 5 1 3 21 5 32 5 41

New Moon, March 2, 6:11 morning

1st Quarter, March 8, 10:14 evening

Full Moon, March 16, 6:41 morning

Last Quarter, March 24, 2:31 evening

New Moon, March 31, 5:03 evening

## Deaths.

In this city, at the Naval Hospital, 6th floor, Walter S. Rockwell, U. S. N., retired.

In this city, 6th inst., at the Naval Hos-

pital, Walter A. Curtis, Chlef Pharmacist, Mate, U. S. N.

In this city, 10th inst., Franklin James,

aged 60, in his 6th year.

In this city, 10th inst., Edward M.

Johnson, in his 3rd year.

In this city, 13th inst., Ann Elizabeth

Casswell, in her 63rd year.

At Lawrence, Mass., 7th inst., Mrs.

Thomas Neales, widow of Archdeacon

Neales of New Brunswick, Canada, and

mother of Dr. Daniel Parker.

In Philadelphia, 8th inst., Rev. Andrew

J. Conlin.

In Tiverton, 8th inst., Penitentiary F. Kel-

logg, in his 73d year.

In Tiverton, 9th inst., Mary Joseph, wife

of Antonio Gomez, in her 65th year.

In Fall River, 9th inst., George F.

Merrill, in his 93rd year.

hotel men, are anxious to see a good ball team in action this season, as it stimulates a deal of interest among the summer guests, and all are agreed that good clean amusements are few and far between at this resort, and now that John Barleycorn is dead and buried many ask what have we to offer as an attraction to our guests?" Let us get together and pull for the boys. They are working hard to instigate a series of clean, wholesome sports that will be a credit to the community.

### ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE

Mohigan Council, No. 16, O. U. A. M., gave an entertainment and dance in Mohigan Hall last Wednesday night. A fine program was presented and a large and appreciative audience attended the event. At the conclusion of the exercises a dance was in order and the merry party glided across the waxed boards until nearly midnight, the Glee Club musicians contributing the necessary pep. The program follows:

### Singing—Star Spangled Banner

### Audience

### Piano Duet

### Mrs. Millard Mitchell

### Sketch—Jazz Babes

### Mrs. Ray Mitchell

### Reading

### Miss Edna Dodge

### Vocal Solo

### Miss Almeda Littlefield

### Reading

### Miss Gertrude Mott

### V



# HAD QUIET YEARS

Chief Executives Who Lived Long After Retirement.

Of Them All, the First John Adams Holds the Record, Twenty-Five Years—Wilson the Oldest Since Buchanan.

President Wilson, who was sixty-three years old December 28, is the oldest man to occupy the White House since Buchanan, who entered it at sixty-six and retired at seventy.

Anyone who runs over the history of the presidency will be struck by the rise and fall of the age at which presidents have entered and retired from office, and the varying length of time by which they have outlived retirement, remarks the Philadelphia Record. Of the first eight presidents, all but two of whom served two terms each, six retired when past sixty-five, one of them, Jackson, within 11 days of his seventieth birthday. The first Adams retired at sixty-two, Van Buren at fifty-nine. Of these eight, four lived to be past eighty. One passed seventy-eight and another passed seventy-nine. Washington alone of them failed to reach seventy. The first Adams entered retirement by twenty-five years and Jefferson, who died on the same day with Adams, July 4, 1820, the fiftieth anniversary of Independence, outlived retirement seventeen years. Monroe, who retired at sixty-seven, died July 4, 1831.

Since Jackson, no president except Wilson, Buchanan, Taylor and the first Harrison has sat in the White House when sixty-one years old. Of all who have served in that time, ten retired or died in office before reaching fifty-seven, and only two outlived retirement twenty years. Not one lived to be eighty, and only five passed seventy. Polk outlived retirement less than six months, and died at fifty-four, younger than any other ex-president. Few presidents in the last fifty years have lived to see three of their successors, and several have not even two, though Pierce saw four.

Although the average length of human life in the United States is greater than it was when the republic was young, distinguished public men have hardly shared in the boon of lengthened days. The presidency, indeed, while never exactly what everyday folk call a soft soap, was a far less exacting office in early times than it is today. The Napoleonic war gave Washington, the first Adams, Jefferson and Madison a good many trying hours, but they all had their periods of respite. Washington, wherever he happened to be as chief magistrate, managed to escape now and again to the spacious and dignified quiet of Mount Vernon. John Adams, the first president to occupy the White House at Washington, the domestic arrangements of which appeared "impossible" to his thrifty and orderly New England wife, often returned to the quiet of his home at Quincy. Jefferson found repose at Monticello, and Jackson made the long journey to the Hermitage, where rest awaited his coming.

All of the early presidents were safe from intrusive messages by telegraph or telephone, and they received mail in no masses as now daily pursue a president on vacation. Even Polk could not have been much disturbed by the stammering words of Morse's new-fangled messenger, for it was publicly used for the first time in reporting to congress the result of the Democratic national convention at Baltimore in 1844.

## Women Selling Their Jewels.

It seems to be the fashion just now for women with plenty of money and heavily stocked with jewel cases to sell any rich and rare stones that they may possess, not because they need the money but simply because they like the excitement of getting a big figure for articles that they probably seldom wear and certainly do not actually miss.

It is reported that the woman who is now Mrs. Jack Gillatt and was previously the widow of the eccentric marquis of Anglesey, recently went through her jewel chests and collected quantities of old-fashioned, quaintly set gems which she sent off to be sold by auction.

The result was a very satisfactory sum of money that ran well into five figures, with which she purchased a beautiful little estate, where she is indulging in her petfad of chicken farming.

## And He Deserved It.

After a ruthless process of rejection there were five applicants for the post of errand boy left for the head of the firm himself to interview.

It was one of his sippant mornings, and he sought to amuse himself by asking the eager boys puzzling and quite irrelevant questions to test their general knowledge.

"How far away from the earth is the North Star?" was the question he fired at the third shiny-faced youngster.

"I'm sorry I cannot give you the exact figure offhand, sir," was the reply, "but on a rough estimate I should say that it is far enough away not to interfere with me running errands."

He got the post.

## Our Country's Motto.

"E Pluribus Unum" was first suggested as the motto of the United States by Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, in August, 1776, they having been appointed a committee to choose a design for the great seal. It is claimed by some that the motto was suggested by a similar inscription used by the Gentleman's Magazine, a popular publication of that time. It first appeared on coins in New Jersey in 1786, when copper money was issued by that state.

## DIRECT MAIL COURSHIP

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

(C. 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Sam Wallace had tremendous faith in the sales powers of advertising. He believed that through advertising it is possible to do almost anything—even to the winning for himself of the girl he adored.

Sam, though holding the important position of advertising manager for the famous Gigante Department store, was still shy and tongue-tied when it came to a question of popping the all-important question to the lady of his heart, Mary Stuart. Mary was pretty and sweet and wholly worth adoring. Many men, like Sam, felt that she would make an ideal wife; but to all of them, including Sam, Mary was impartially friendly and unsentimental.

Several times Sam had endeavored to come to the point, but every time his courage had failed him. He had never yet put his fortunes to the test. Held and silent, he had let many opportunities pass, until now, with other men forcing to the front in the race for Mary's hand, he felt desperate.

It was at this crucial moment in his career that Sam determined to place his dependence upon advertising.

"I can write ads," Sam told himself, "that bring women into the Gigante store by the dozens. I sure ought to be able to write an ad that will 'sell' myself to Mary. I'm going to try it, anyhow. If I don't, I'll just lose out entirely, and that's all there is to it."

Having come to this conclusion, Sam began writing rapidly on a pad of paper on his desk. Every now and then he gazed upward at the ceiling while concentrating his thoughts. But for the most part he wrote swiftly, without stopping. When he had finally finished he reread his work with considerable satisfaction:

"This is what he had written:

"Marry a man who adores you! You will be much happier married to a man who adores you than if you marry a man who doesn't care so very deeply. There is a certain man who is wild about you and yours. Who is he? Watch for the next letter."

"There," said Sam to himself, when he had finished reading the sheet, "that will get her attention, and the first step in selling goods through advertising is to secure the attention of the prospective purchaser. Next comes the arousing of the interest of the prospective buyer, and, thirdly and finally, the inducing of the 'reader to buy.' Two more letters ought to do the trick for me. I'll send this letter today, letter No. 2 tomorrow, and the third letter on the day after that."

Sam placed the sheet in an envelope and addressed it to Mary. Then he threw the envelope into the outgoing mail tray on his desk.

The next day Sam wrote the second of his series of ads. This second ad read as follows:

"The man who adores you is shy. It is because he's shy that he's never gotten up enough courage to tell you how much he cares for you. But he does care, deeply and sincerely, and once the ice is broken he'll tell you just how deeply and sincerely, all right. Who is this man? Perhaps your intuition has already told you. But, anyhow, watch for to-morrow's letter. His identity will be revealed in to-morrow's letter."

Sam did with this second ad as he had done with the first—he placed it in an envelope and, after addressing it to Mary, threw it into the outgoing mail tray.

Sam's final ad read like this:

"THE MAN WHO ADORES YOU IS SAM WALLACE."

"I've always been too shy to tell you how much I care for you. So I'm telling you about it through these little letters. If there is any chance for me, Mary, smile at me the next time you see me. If there isn't any chance, just nod to me but don't smile. That's all. You know everything now and I will know everything when I see you the next time."

It was only natural that Sam's heart should beat considerably faster than normal as he placed this last ad in an envelope, directed it to Mary, and placed it in the outgoing mail tray.

"Gen!" he said to himself. "I'm certainly glad I've done it. It was the only thing to do. I'd never in the world have gotten up enough courage to ask her personally, and I simply couldn't keep on going without knowing how I stand. Now I wonder, will she smile or will she merely nod at me when she sees me?"

Now, Sam was not only a shy young man, but also an impulsive young man. Some weeks before he had purchased an engagement ring—a ring that was a beauty in all particular, just the right size, stone and just the proper sort of a setting. He had thought, at the time of his purchase, that he'd make a muss attack, as it were, upon Mary.

He'd show her the stone and then, before his courage failed him, slip it on her engagement finger and trust to luck that she would accept it.

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Sam's excitement grew during that night, and the morning of the day after he had placed his final ad in the outgoing mail tray his nerves were ragged and he simply couldn't sit still.

"By all the rules of advertising," Sam told himself, "those ads ought to do the trick. But with Mary? I haven't heard a word from her. I haven't seen a sign of her. Is that a good or bad sign? What am I to think about it?"

During the day Sam heard nothing from Mary nor caught any sight of her. And as the day dragged to its dreary close his spirits sank. He felt sure that directly after the receipt of the third ad Mary would certainly take pains to give him his answer as soon as possible. But she wasn't doing so. There was absolutely no word from her.

Sam dragged himself to his boarding house after the day's work with weary steps. He was worn out, his nerves were frazzled, he was greatly discouraged. He couldn't help feeling that Mary was simply letting him down easily, that her mind was made up to refuse him, and that she was trying to let him know that this was the case before she should meet him and merely nod at him, instead of smiling at him.

The next day, the second after his mailing of the final ad, Sam felt as though the world had gone to pieces about his shoulders as he slowly walked to the office. It was all over. His dreams had evaporated into thin air. There was little, very little, left in life for him to live for.

It was only desultory attempts at working that Sam made during the morning. He was too blue to do any good work, anyhow, so shortly before the noon hour he left his office to make a trip through the various departments. He felt as though it would take him out of his trouble to talk with other people.

Through the bargain basement and sticks and gloves on the first floor to men's furnishings and cloaks and suits on the second floor Sam made his gloomy way. And then, in cloaks and suits, he stopped suddenly. From the other side of a rack of cloaks and suits beside which he was standing came the sound of voices. One of the voices was that of the manager of the department, while the other voice was—Mary's.

Sam, after a moment of hesitation, straightened his shoulders. He might as well get the cold nod from Mary and get it over with now as later. It had to be done some time—now was as good as any. So Sam, looking very dignified, but awkward, writhing with despair, walked around the rack and came face to face with Mary.

Mary didn't see him at first.

"Good morning, Mary," he said, politely, standing rigidly like a soldier at salute.

Mary looked up surprised. Her big blue eyes met his. And then—then Sam's heart leaped. His pulses tingled, his brain whirled, Mary was actually smiling at him—a lovely, unmistakable smile.

"How are you, Sam?" she asked, and smiled again.

"S-s-say, Mary," stammered Sam, as soon as he was able to regain control of himself, "step into my office a minute, will you? It's right on this floor, just a little way from here. I've got something I want to show you."

"Why, yes," smiled Mary. "I've often thought I'd like to look at your office—to see just what sort of a place it is you work in."

Sam, hardly able to contain himself, piloted her through the door, past his secretary and into his private office. Then, after closing the door to his secretary's room, he drew the engagement ring from his pocket and without a word placed it on Mary's finger. Finally he caught Mary into his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Why, why," cried Mary at last, "I ought to be provoked and angry and all that—but I'm not! I'm glad, glad! I've cared for you so long, Sam, and I thought you'd never, never tell me that you cared, too. I knew you cared, but I thought you'd never tell me that you did!"

"Oh, sweetheart," cried Sam, "I'm so glad you smiled at me this morning."

He caught her in his arms again, and as he did so he glanced at the outgoing mail tray on his desk. The tray was full. Sam, gently releasing Mary, hurriedly pawed through the letters. All three of his ads to Mary were still there. The new mail boy had neglected to take up the mail from Sam's office for nearly a week. Sam gasped, then chuckled as he took Mary into his arms again. After all, if it hadn't been for his ads he'd never have had the courage to put the ring on her finger. After all, he was satisfied—wholly satisfied.

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**Charles W. Cole,**  
**PHARMACIST,**  
302 THAMES STREET  
Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

**WATER**

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thame.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

**WHY**  
Old Age Really Begins in Early Youth

At what time does age begin? asks the *Scientific American*. After summing up the opinions of many authorities it quotes from a recent article by Dr. Friedrich von Mueller at Munich, who holds that bodily decay really begins in adolescence, though it does not become apparent until much later.

Athletes reach the maximum of bodily power before the thirtieth year; the eyesight begins to change at about fifty; the powers of observation begin to wane after thirty.

As a man grows old "the firmly fixed memories of his youth gain in intensity, and there is some justice in the view that the beginning of age dates from the time when the intellectual vision ceases to be directed toward the future and is bent upon the past. Earnest and serious thoughts engage the mind more and more; he who was formerly a seeker for truth becomes a doubter; the freethinker becomes a believer, the revolutionary, conservativ."

Cancer is a disease of old age, though it often appears in younger life. The typical malady of the age is, however, hardening of the arteries, "and it is especially in the circles of men burdened with heavy duties that it seeks its victims. The previous history of the man wrecks its vengeance upon the blood vessels, and the heart; every excess of emotion, or work or pleasure, of sorrow and anxiety, leaves its mark upon the arteries. These alterations silently increase in intensity through long years and are first made visible by the failure of the compensation apparatus to function."

**Why Romans Honor Cornelia.**

"All men rule over women; we Romans rule over all men, and our wives over us," said Cato, the censor, when he had an attack of nerves.

Among notable Roman women the most famous—fascinated—from Lucretia to Cornelia, and others with wonder at the name of Messalina. Cornelia lived in the days of the Roman Republic. Daughter of Scipio Africanus, conqueror of Hannibal, she inherited the stern virtues of her father. Married in 63 B. C. to Sempronius Gracchus, she was left a widow with 12 children. Only two survived their youth, two sons, Tiberius and Gaius. She devoted herself exclusively to their education, and in after days these distinguished orators and statesmen avowed they owed everything to their mother. She declined the gift of King Ptolemy of Egypt. All her magnificent powers and talents were consecrated to the two boys. The Roman people erected a monument to Cornelia, with this inscription: "Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi."

**Why One Must Trust Surgeon.**

The absolute necessity of a patient undergoing an operation trusting himself to the surgeon and obeying his every order, is illustrated in two recently reported cases. One of these was that of a nervous man who said that he must keep his arm still, but who could not or did not do it, and died as a result.

The other was that of a child down whose trachea a tooth had gone, and this could be removed only by a tracheotomy. Owing to the condition of her lungs, a general anesthetic was impossible, but the surgeon explained to his little patient the necessity of cutting her throat under only local anesthesia, and she, though only twelve years old, was so docile that the operation was a complete success.

**Why Rainbow's Varied Colors.**

The colors of the rainbow, which are always the same, and are shown in this order—red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet—are sunlight broken up into its original colors, says "The Book of Wonders," copyrighted and published by the Bureau of Industrial Education, Washington. It takes all of these colors in the proportions in which they are mixed in the rainbow to make the pure sunlight. These are known as the prismatic colors. The rainbow is caused by the rays of sun passing into drops of water in the air and reflected back with one part of water acting on it in such a way as to break up the pure sunlight into these prismatic colors.

**How Blue Laws Hit Pennsylvania.**  
Pennsylvania's venerable blue law, enacted April 22, 1791, and entitled "An act for the prevention of vice and immorality and for other purposes," has survived all the assaults of those who would destroy it. The legislators of 1794 regarded it as being vastly more wicked to shoot a rabbit on Sunday than to drink a hot toddy. One offender was tagged with a fine of \$25, the other a shilling and a half. It was impossible under a strict enforcement of that law to operate a canal boat, a railroad train, a street railway car, a cab or sell any commodity from a booth of bread to a package of chewing gum.

**TIME FOR AMERICAN FARMERS TO REAP BENEFIT OF HIGH PRICES FOR CLOVER**

**Harvesting Red Clover for Seed—Present Indications Are That Clover Will Sell at a Very Good Figure for the Next Two Years, Perhaps Longer.**

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)  
Clover seed is high priced and scarce, and good samples will command prices that many farmers will be loath to pay. The United States department of agriculture, however, urges the seeding of as large an acreage as possible. The best information available shows that the foreign market is quite as bare of clover seed as is our own. The French and Italian supplies are sold out, and there appears to be no surplus in Germany or in Russia. This means that clover seed will be high for at least two years to come if not more, and those farmers who seeded last spring or who seed in 1920 will have a chance to sell their clover seed crop at a good figure. This is a time to look ahead, and for American farmers to get the benefit of the high prices, before Europe has been able to get back to normal production and the prices fall.

**Potash Is Scarce.**  
In some cases, too, potash gives good results, but potash is still scarce and its use will not be warranted unless the farmer knows that it is needed.

A word of warning must, however, be added in the discussion of lime. Lime is not a fertilizer, and if used persistently without adding organic matter in the shape of manure or crop residues will eventually leave the soil the poorer. When clover is grown the nitrogen will largely take care of itself, but phosphorus and sometimes potash will have to be added as soils need them. And most of all will they need organic manure.

Good clover crops lie at the foundation of agriculture in the northeastern quarter of the United States. On many farms good clover crops can not be produced without lime, but lime alone will not permanently help the situation. A proper system of rotation with clover as a regular element in a three or four year rotation must be adopted for the permanent upbuilding of the land, and then whatever else the land needs in the way of lime or fertilizer must be added thereto.

**JOIN "BETTER Sires" DRIVE**

Federal and State Forces Organized in 40 States—Many of Them Now in Full Swing.

In 40 states the "Better Sires—Better Stock" campaign of federal and state agricultural forces is now fully organized and in many of them it is in full swing. Of the few not yet enrolled several have made plans for joining the movement, which promises numerous benefits to the live stock interests of the country. Each of the enrolled states has filed with the bureau of animal industry, United States department of agriculture, the name and address of an official directly in charge of the work. This list will be furnished any inquirer on application. The states enrolled in the crusade on January 1 were as follows: Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

**CULTURE OF FRUITS FAVORED**

**Supply of Valuable Food Furnished at Relatively Small Cost—Best for Health.**

A more general culture for fruits in gardens and home orchards would contribute substantially to the health and pleasure of the average family besides furnishing a supply of valuable food products at a relatively small outlay of money, says the United States department of agriculture.

**PRODUCTION HAS INCREASED**

**Improved Methods and More Efficient Facilities Are Needed for Handling Products.**

Production during the last decade has increased greatly, and as a natural consequence improved methods and facilities for handling the increase have become necessary, says the United States department of agriculture. Keeping pace with increased production has come the demand of consumers for more elaborate and efficient service.

**Spasmodic Strife Starter.**

When a man lets his wife pick out his neckties and shirts it is an indication that they are soulmates—or else he is henpecked.—Indianapolis Star.

**Get Intimate With Happiness.**

Don't wait on happiness, but go out to meet him, and take him by the hand, and lead him in where all the folks can tell him "howdy."

**Kill the Name.**

Scientists are trying to squelch a new epidemic, discovered in Japan and called the "tsutsuzumushi."

**FUR PIECES FOR THE MILD DAYS**

**Manufacturers Are Endeavoring to Keep Peltry on Market This Spring.**

**WRAPS OF VARIOUS DESIGNS**

**Object Is to Retain Interest of Women and to Provide Accessory That Guarantees New Appearance to Old Gown.**

The furriers are having a hard, gay time of it. They have been so rushed with orders since the first of autumn that they claim inability to turn out the last of the winter coats until almost spring, writes a New York fashion correspondent. All that was kept over from last year was sold before Thanksgiving, they say.

New York has been the storm center of this peltry buying. The wealth of the country is usually expended in luxuries in its huge centers, as France found out during the war, and America found out the day after the armistice. The fact that a state of peace did not really exist between the belligerents had no effect on the lavish manner in which money was poured out by those who had it.

Peltry is a pearl of price these days no matter how it is handled or where it is bought, and by this token one realizes that there is vast wealth in the country, despite the taxes and the H. C. of L. Not all of the splendid peltry coats are old possessions. Many of them bear the mark of 1920 and the label of a new furrier, so their cost is self-evident, and cost is the dominating topic of conversation on the American continent. This would shock grandmother, for to tell what things cost was once considered a sign of breeding; to talk of one's expenses or the inflation or reduction of one's income was looked at as the kind of bad taste not permitted by those who were selective in their choice of social companions; but all these distinctions have been swept aside with other notions.

**To Get Fashion Ideas.**  
The way to get an idea of what is fashionable and what is not is to observe the crowds, especially during winter and summer months. During that time hordes of Americans pass through New York without census. Therefore when during the shopping month of September one saw masses of chachka wraps, of ermine without stint, there was actual evidence of the way in which the American women had spent money on peltry.

As further evidence here are statistics which are given by Women's Wear, the trade paper:

It speaks of a sable wrap that has just been sold for \$80,000 and of many that have been sold to women this winter for \$50,000. That's a neat little total just there.

It quotes one Fifth avenue house as saying that in one day seven mink

do not depend wholly on Europe for our peltries now. We persuade the world to wear what our vast forests produce. Mink and beaver have reached an incredible price, as an example of the value put upon American fur. Hudson seal, the genuine, not the imitation, also sells at a high price and is bought by the average woman who may be working for her living.

A comforting statement made by the furriers is that the American woman demands a high grade of fur today; that cheap coats and neckpieces

things are different, remarks London Answers.

Among the minor effects of war has been the domestication of men. The up-to-date warrior always carried his "housewife," and he can easily compete with a woman when it comes to darning a stocking or sewing on a button. He knows more than a little about the wash tub, after his experiences in the streams of foreign lands, and he has learned the value of tidiness by the restrictions of a dugout.

After making a fire in a field where a dry spot was absolutely unknown, he won't empty the sugar bag and the oil tin in order to get the kitchen range going. After entering for games, a good many men will be able to calculate how much bread is needed for one household. In fact, as a housekeeper man can no longer be laughed at.

War spoils some men, but it makes others. A good many women are finding their husbands extremely useful about the house since they come home. They get their own shaving water, do not leave the "water mark" on the bath, clean up their splashes, put away their clothes, and in more than one house husband is as good as a butler at meal times.

In some instances men have returned to their homes quite unfit for the past as breadwinners and their wives have had to obtain work to keep the home going, leaving hubby to keep house.

Woman's real place is as home maker, but when she has had to turn breadwinner she has usually found man as a housekeeper quite a success.

**How Man Speaks Without Larynx.**

How a man whose whole larynx has been cut out can continue to talk is told by Dr. T. Haslano of Nagata, Japan, in the "Annals of Otolaryngology."

Dr. Haslano describes the operation by which he removes the larynx in serious cases of cancer and provides for respiration after it has gone.

He furnishes the patient with a rubber tube, one end of which is inserted into the trachea (windpipe) and the other end is held in the mouth. By sending his breath through the tube and working his lips, teeth, tongue, palate and pharyngeal muscles the man can whisper in such a way as to be understood.

Artificial larynxes have been made for such cases, but they are complex affairs, and Dr. Haslano says patients much prefer the tube.

**How Raccoon Washes Meat.**  
The raccoon has a habit that is not indulged in by any other animal. If given a piece of meat, he will not touch a mouthful until he has washed it in clear water as he can find, and he will allow no one to do this for him.

writes Dr. R. W. Shufeldt in the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. So thoroughly does he perform this task, that he not only soaks all the blood out of the meat, but actually reduces the morsel to a very uninviting, flabby piece of pale flesh. He will roll it over and over in the water with his forepaws, and give it occasional shakings by seizing it in his mouth. Finally, when it is semi-macerated to his liking, he will devour it with apparent relish.

**How Big Is the Sun?**  
Suppose the earth to be represented by a marble one inch in diameter. At a distance of 923 yards—say, a couple of ordinary city blocks—is a spherical balloon eleven feet in diameter. It represents the sun.

For those figures with your mind's eye and you will have notion of the relative sizes of our planet and the great luminary about which it revolves, with the distance between the two reduced to the same proportionate scale.

We are really very near to the sun. If the diameter of the earth be used as a measuring rod fewer than 12,000 times that length would span the gap which separates us from the solar orb.

**Little Boys of the Orient Often Capture Lizards by Enticing to Their Curiosity.**  
When one of them spies a lizard that has scurried into a crevice he makes a skein of colored straw and holds it before the hole. After a time he is rewarded by seeing the tiny creature coming out to examine the curious thing before its den and later it actually puts its head into the noose, which is quickly drawn together by the watchful boy.

**How Egyptians Make Fire.**  
The question of how the Egyptians made fire was one that often exercised archaeologists. No representation of the process existed on the monuments, nor does the nation appear to have attached any religious significance to the origin of fire. The question was settled by the discovery at Kahun of a regular bow drill for making fire, together with several sticks showing the burnt holes caused by fire drilling.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

Through the usage of these furs we

# Historical and Genealogical Notes and Queries.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1920

## NOTES

## SEPARATION OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH

(Continued)

To all which a Reply was made that those Scriptures in ye Romans or any other that this Day hath been offered prove nothing to yo purpose; then Mr. Tory farther proceeded and Said that they had no more Relation to the 10 words then to Circumlocution and all ye Rest of ye law at those Brethren that took them So Apply'd them rong for they were ye old Covenant and So done away So yt ye gentiles had nothing to do with ye Nelson were they Ever blamed for ye breach of ye in yo law like Scriptures Then said Mr. Hiscox No for what was god angry with 7 Nations and Drove them out was it not for ye breach of god law as Idolatry, Adultery—and many other such like Sins therefore he calls his people not to do after their manners—to which Mr. Tory Said not for ye Non observation of ye 10 Commandments for ye Endeavour to bring in a Yoke of bondage wch Neither you nor Your Fathers were able to bear Then replied Mr. Hiscox is god's Commandments become a Yoke of bondage to you tho thro mercy they are not so to me but are to be delighted in after in Inner man.

They said Mr. Hubbard and his Wife they are no Yoke of bondage to us but are a good and Spiritual law—After much Debate that Day Mr. Tory was Discouraging with Mr. Hiscox with warmth to whom Mr. Hiscox Said what do you think to Juggin me out f my Conscience upon which Mr. Tory replied if I become a Juggler then it is time for me to leave of this matter then said Mr. Hiscox Pray Brother Tory dont be offended at it; for they were not suitable words and I am troubled yt I Said So to You; But I pray pass them by (and he did So) After more Debate and Mr. Hiscox remained Steady in yt principle

Mr. Tory directed his Speech to him Saying Do you take Notice of this yt the Church which Endeavoured to Remove your Scruples yet ye remain obstinate And lifting up his hand towards him he Said You Stand upon your Peril—Then Mr. Hiscox Answered Pray Brother Tory dont threaten So you may do what you please, your threatening words Dont affright me at this Day Mr. Clark Intimated yt he did not denle ye law to whom Mr. Hiscox appled himself Saying pray Brother Clark Speak plainly to things an dont go round about yo matter and leave us in ye Dark all ye while—To which Mr. Clark Said I Cant Speak more plainly yn I have done then Mr. Tory Replied good Brother Clark Speak plain and Say they are done away upon which Mr. Clark Said I may as well denle god to be god (answering to some part of Mr. Toryes Speech) at which Mr. Tory was grieved

The Next Meeting Brother Dabill was Called to give yo Reason of his not Sitting down at ye table of ye Lord to which he Answered yt he Could not Sit down with them who keep ye 7th Day fearing they had left Christ—Upon which Mr. Tory Said (by laying it home to ye Conscience of those persons) how Sad a thing is it yt you Should be your Cause to turn a brother out of his way and to Stumble

To which Mr. Hiscox answered it is a Sad thing yt an old Disciple of Christ Should be offend at his Brethren for their Keeping gods Commandments and it is a Sad thing to hear yt the Elders of this Church Should deny ye 10 words to be a Rule in gospel times it is too Stink in their nostrils—with too much Commotion of Spirit Mr. Luke if there be any Stink it is to have made it No Said Mr. Hiscox tis You ye leaders of ye Congregation being Yea and Nay in this Matter yt is of So but a Saviour

At ye meeting after it was broken up there was much Discourse & Some times too hot words on both Sides Mr. Hiscox Discouraging with Mr. Wild was Called to give yo Reason of his not Sitting down at ye table of ye Lord to which he Answered yt he Could not Sit down with them who keep ye 7th Day fearing they had left Christ—Upon which Mr. Tory Said Esteem it an Error whether it is Such and Error as to reject a Brother for

thereupon Brother Wild made Answer that they should be Tender of Conscience if they walk orderly according to Christ's last Will and testament after his Resurrection

Mr. Hiscox Answered not ye Commands of Christ before his Death and they as binding as those after

To which Mr. Tory Replied are they So to You—Mr. Hiscox Answered

ye Commands of my lord are Equil to me whither before or after his Death

thereupon Mr. Tory replyd I am Sorry for Your Ignorance

After Many Things of this Nature and being weary of ye Contest those five Sabatarians meet together to Consider what they may Safety do and Answer a good Conscience whither to go on with ye Church as heretofore or to declare their descent from them as Such as did Speak Evil of ye law and yt Since they had given ym the More Earnestly Carried forth in preaching against ye observation of the law then before and Instead of taking out Some middle way to Ease things Every Affair was Drove to ye last Extremity by Showing the law to be ye first Covenant & ye 7th Day Sabbath to be a Sign of ye Covenant and done away; and the not in Express words they were often Called Delinquents yet in words Implying ye same and yt ye Church had first given ye cause of grief to yt being unwilling to Separate from them if they Could be Easie—after Seenin ye lord they 5 Concluded to withdraw Since there was no hopes of peace in ye Church while they Remained hercuperant they Chose Mr. Hiscox to be their mouth and declare this

The Next Meeting the four Elders were there the no So many others as some other times Mr. Clark having Sought yt lord by prayer

Then Mr. Holmes informed ye Church yt he had Something yt day with wait on his heart to declare unto them and yt is Said he Brother Hiscox Slandering the leading Brethren in saying they Denie the law by his Charging those four persons as Apostates

Saying in his Judgment ye Church ought to make Brother Hiscox See his Evil in Charging yt so highly or Else ye Church ought to look at yt as Such and Declare against yt

It is reported yt Brother Hiscox did work one first Day till Meeting time and then Came and Stood in ye Church to Speak and to pray by he had Broke Bread on ye 7th day of ye week—Saying that he in So doing held Communion with Such as were not owned by the Church These five things Mr. Holmes declared to be matter of great grief to him and therefore Called for ye help of ye Church to Deal with Mr. Hiscox from ye as Great Evils; tho he never told him of these things in ye prescribed

Then Mr. Tory replied it is a Sad thing yt we should thus abuse ye Scriptures To which Mr. Hiscox Said I never met with any yt did understand sm otherwise but Yourselves

So by this time there was too much heat of Spirit therupon Mr. Holmes told ye Brethren yt he Judge

they were besides the work saying he thought they Should put Brother Hiscox on it to grove his 7th Day practice or else fall under

which Mr. Hiscox Said Brother Holmes you are not right there; you shant Slip your neck out of ye Collar

So for ye grounds of our Difference Is yt You and others Denie god's law—To which Mr. Holmes Replied with deep Concern you are deluded and ought to be made sensible of it—Then Mr. Hiscox answered you have Said more than this before now as yt we had denied Christ and had not Conscience towards god in these matters upon which Mr. Holmes Said I again Say I do Judge you have; and Still do denote Christ and yt you have not Conscience in it for if you had Could not have walked with us till now; but most have done otherwise for had I been of Your Judgement I must have stoned you all to death before now—Mr. Hiscox replied ye more wicked you would have been for your pains for god requires no such thing of us or you

Mr. Tory said yt he Judge yt when yo Church had Endeavoured to Convincemt if they remained Refractory in ye Church Should wait a while and After yt to declare Such to be none of you What Said Mr. Hiscox must we be forced to Walk with your legs and Set by your Eyes; you may do what you please in that matter—At yt meeting as well as at most other they were blamed for not taking advice of ye leading Brethren before they Stept forward Mr. Clark often told Mr. Hiscox yt he Stole into yt practice—to which those who were in ye practice of ye 7th Day Said what need is there of us to come to you Since we know your judgment well enough & yt for a long time and Since yo matter hath been debated in ye Church before all; we might wait long enough before we could have had leave given us to do yt which you would not do your Solves—

And the wo do own yo Church and yo Officers that god hath set there yt god hath Some times made known part of his will to weak ones yt others might not glory & by applying themselves to Mr. Tory Said yt notwithstanding he was an Elder yet he was not perfect in his Knowledge but might stand in need of ye meanest of ye Church—

At that meeting Everything Appeared Dark as though there was no likely hood of accommodation to be one Church; therupon Mr. Hiscox Desired to propose something to yo Church; which was yt Since there was an apparent difference between ym and if they could not go on as formerly he in behalf of ye rest desired ye Church seriously to consider whither it would not be more for ye glory of god and both then Comfort to let you have their liberty to walk by themselves as they were persuaded & So to maintain as much love as possible Seeing there is no likelihood of agreeing; Many being weary of ye Contest Said it is time to Let one against ye other To which Mr. Tory replied I will never Yield to it as long as I live and Mr. Holmes Backt yo expression not I neither Upon which Mr. Clark Said what Rule have you for this Matter Mr. Hiscox answered to Do to others as we would they should do to us would not you had ye Sabbath liberty at Seconck & Elsewhere when you Differed from other Churches yt you had walked with—Upon which it was Answered yt Scripture was too short for yt had only relation to outward things—

Mr. Hiscox Answered there is yt word how can two walk together Except they are agreed we differ in matters of great worth tho you make light of them there is yt Saying also as many Graines of Wheat make one Bread So Should the Saints be in one Heart; and it is plain we ant for Some Cant Sit Down at ye table of ye Lord because of us Brother Deuel and Brother Man & others Say we have left Christ and gone to Moses because we plead ye morality of the ten words others Say we undervalue Christ by taking precepts from Moses—After this Debate twas by Some proposed that though they did plead for ye law & ye Church did esteem it an Error whether it is Such and Error as to reject a Brother for

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## Mackenzie &amp; Winslow

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## WANTED

Home for child of school age in return for reasonable board. Must have good school and church privileges and good family envt.

## STATE HOME &amp; SCHOOL

Placing Out Dept., 142 Smith Street Providence, R. I.

## WANTED

Boarding home for colored child where intimate family envt will be given with advantage of good school and church privileges.

## STATE HOME &amp; SCHOOL

Placing Out Dept., 142 Smith Street Providence, R. I.

## WANTED

Craw managers. Agents don't accept a proposition until you get our particulars and samples. Money makers.

Address Mr. SAWYER,  
Care of BACORN COMPANY,  
Elmira, N. Y.

## WANTED

Persons related to, or having records of the early Brownes of Newport, to communicate with

WILLIAM B. BROWNE,  
Box 432 North Adams, Mass.TO NEW YORK  
FALL RIVER LINE

Lv. Long Wharf daily at 9:45 p.m.

Ticket Office on the Wharf

NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP CO.

## Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 1st, 1920.

Estate of John C. Atwater

REQUEST in writing is made by Lillian Atwater, of said Newport, widow of John C. Atwater, late of said Newport, deceased, Intestate, that Russell Foster of Foster, Foster, &amp; Co., or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Twenty-second day of March instant at ten o'clock a.m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

## Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 1st, 1920.

Estate of Jessie G. Hunt

REQUEST in writing is made by Thomas E. Hunt, of said Newport, husband of Jessie G. Hunt, late of said Newport, deceased, Intestate that he or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Twenty-second day of March instant at ten o'clock a.m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

## Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 4th, 1920.

Estate of Martin Kenney

REQUEST in writing is made by Frances Kenney, of said Newport, widow of Martin Kenney, late of said Newport, deceased, Intestate that she or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Twenty-second day of March instant at ten o'clock a.m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

## ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, March 6th, 1920.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of AVA-RISTO GRAMOLINI, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

RAYMOND GRAMOLINI.

OLD BOOKS  
WANTED

## PAY LIBERAL PRICES

For Old Books, Pamphlets, Documents, Manuscripts, Almanacs, Play Bills, etc.

And am in Newport once a month for

two or three days, to answer calls from

people within 20 miles of Newport, having

material of this character for sale.

If you wish to see me on my next visit,

write me.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.